



Again God's bounteous hand has spread
The tables of the poor with bread—
Again our grateful fervent songs
Ascend to Whom all praise belongs;
Accept, O God, our thankful lay
To Thee on this Thanksgiving Day.

The husbandman has sown the seed,
And Thou didst bless his work indeed;
He trusted in Thy sacred Word,
And harvest great was his reward;
So on Thy promises we stay
On this our best Thanksgiving Day.

The cattle on a thousand hills,
The wild bird with his thrilling trills,
Fish of the sea—the lion, bear,
All yield to Thy protecting care;
May all creation own Thy sway,
Thou God of this Thanksgiving Day.

We thank Thee for the sun's bright light,
The silvery moon, the stars of night,
For water pure—for fragrant air,
And for Thy tender watchful care—
For blessings all that with us stay
On this our best Thanksgiving Day.

We thank Thee for the Gospel truth,
For blest old age—for hopeful youth,
E'en troubles great—for grief and care,
Knowing they will our souls prepare,
Straighten the path and clear the way
For God's own best Thanksgiving Day.

Great God, accept our thankful songs,
While hymns of praise swell on our tongues;
Guide Thou our feet o'er life's rough path—
Teach us in mercy, not in wrath;
Grant we may ever with Thee stay
And join in heaven's Thanksgiving Day.

—John T. Wye.

Thanksgiving A DUTY AND A GRACE

"And let the peace of God rule in your hearts,
to the which also ye are called in one body,
and be ye thankful."—Col. 3: 15.

BE ye thankful!" said an inspired apostle, "giving thanks to a company of early Christians, who even in stormy times of possible or actual persecution were exhorted to be of good cheer and to 'count up their mercies.' Paul's words are not only hortatory, but also mandatory. It is the duty of the Christian, amid all vicissitudes, to be thankful. A believer is never justified in forgetting God's benefits to him. He is expected to figure out every now and then the sum of the divine favors that have been shown to him, or what might be called the statistics of salvation. It is true that divine mercies have been innumerable, and cannot be tabulated with anything like completeness; yet the Christian believer is exhorted to dwell upon these mercies in thought and to render vivid to his mind, by frequent reflection, so many of the visitations of divine favor as he can discern providentially unfolded in his past life.

There is, then, a duty of thanksgiving. Praise is the expected thing, gratitude is demanded. God is disappointed, and even angered, when men receive his gifts without returning thanks. The Lord is gracious, but that is no reason why the children of men should be ungraciously thankful. Thanksgiving is a part of the code of duty of a Christian, it is an integral portion of the decalogue of moral action. It is not a kind of extra service, or superfluous activity added on to the body of duty otherwise complete, but is of the warp and woof of the Christian's obligation. "Be thankful" was not the idle, chance remark of a sentimental apostle, but is the New Testament interpretation of the Old Testament burden of blessing.

But if thankfulness is a duty, it is none the less on that account a grace. If it is not optional, it may certainly be ornamental. The fact that a thing or a trait is demanded by the moral law does not render the sacrifice of that thing or the exhibition of that trait any the less noble or lovely. The grace of gratitude in particular is a peculiarly lovely virtue. There is even, we may say, an aesthetic quality to thankfulness. "Praise is comely for the upright," said the Psalmist, who was an authority on the beauty of holiness. Even the world appreciates the aesthetic value of gratitude—as well as its earning power, acquisitive of future favors, as a practical asset of life—and poets in all ages have sung of the charm of a grateful spirit, the nobility of a responsive nature. Even

the birds look up when they drink, as if in mute recognition of the heavenly source of the bits of blessing which fall to them, and certainly man, much more richly endowed and blessed, should do at least as much, and express his "Thank you!" both by the testimony of the lips and the generous actions of the life.

Thanksgiving day is a proper and convenient occasion for considering both the duty and the grace of gratitude to the great Giver of all good. But Thanksgiving day is not simply for the abstract discussion of general ideas present in thought or stirring the emotions. This day does—or should—have a direct governing relation to the ministries of the hand and the unfolding of the wallet. When it is celebrated in the spirit of the scriptural exhortation to thankfulness, it becomes a time of rejoicing in the truest, fullest sense, because it joins praise to God with practical ministry to the poor and unfortunate. Thanksgiving should issue in thanksgiving. Praise should become a practice. Gratitude must become a temper and tendency of the life. So will God be glorified and gratified, and men, by their cordial and constant recognition of his goodness, be lifted in the scale of being and be the better fitted to receive from heaven more favors still.—Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

For These Things We Give Thanks.
Thanksgiving day we should all be able to give thanks to our parents for these things:

For a clean name, unsullied by questionable transactions, honorable in human relations.
For an untainted birth, with such health as purity transmits, and for the brooding tenderness that guarded and cherished us before birth and made careful preparation for our coming.
For wholesome food, sufficient clothing, and comfortable shelter until our coming of age, or during the lifetime of our parents.

For education, according to the best standards of which they knew suited to our individual needs and possibilities, and preparing us to earn our own livings.

For such knowledge of our bodies and minds, and such reverence for them as makes intemperance impossible.

Forget Not His Benefits.

Why not rejoice more? Count up your golden mercies; count up your opportunities to do good; count up your "exceeding great and precious promises;" count up your joys of heirship to an "incorruptible inheritance," and then march on the road heavenward. "Forget not all his benefits." "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name," is the declaration of an appreciative heart.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

Washington's Proclamation.

The first Thanksgiving day proclamation ever issued by a president was signed by George Washington in 1789. The original is said to be in the possession of Rev. J. W. Wellman, who inherited it from his grandfather, William Ripley of Cornish, N. H. This proclamation was issued by request of both houses of congress through their joint committee.

When the Turkey Called By Brothy Douglas



WANTED, by a married couple, one lonesome, homesick American. Must be alone in London and desirous of eating Thanksgiving turkey with couple from home. Address will be found at window D.

Helen Graham turned after putting up her small sign on the wall of an American rendezvous in London and spoke to the man behind window D. "Now, Mr. Gray, you will be sure to send some very nice Americans to me, won't you? I am trusting entirely to your selection." The ever ready smile of the American came to her lips and eyes.

"Just fancy any Yankee's being otherwise," laughed the Englishman. "But I will confine my choice to two whom I think worthy of your hospitality."

"How will you manage to turn undesirable away?" questioned Helen, who was not quite sure as to the outcome of her unconventional scheme for Thanksgiving guests.

"I shall tell them that the invitation has already been accepted, Mrs. Graham," the Englishman smiled, in his turn. He was not without his own plans. "I do not contemplate difficulty."

"It's awfully good of you to do this for me," Helen's eyes reflected for a moment the wistfulness of her heart. "You see, at home Thanksgiving is such a chummy, big-hearted and happy day that I just couldn't stand it not to manifest a little good fellowship. Mr. Graham and I would have wept over the turkey, I'm sure."

The big lounge room of the rendezvous was practically deserted when Helen Graham and her husband made their way out on the Haymarket.

"What a change from the crowds in July!" remarked Helen.

"All the better for our advertisement," said Graham. "There won't be many applicants. I thought you wanted two guests?"

"I do, but I put one down on the add, so that they will not come in crowds. A single person is more likely to be lonesome, anyway," she finished.

"I'll bet you put Gray up to sending a man and a woman," chided Bob Graham as he assisted his wife up to the wobbling stairs of a Kensington bus.

In the meantime Margery Bonner walked leisurely along the Haymarket toward the rendezvous. Her erect back and trim, artistic costume proclaimed her an American girl.

And Hugh Gray, the man behind window D, was waiting for Margery Bonner. He had selected her as one of the guests for Mrs. Graham's Thanksgiving dinner. She had been calling for her mail only during the last three weeks, but Gray had discovered her charm the very first time her big blue eyes seemed to coax him for letters.

He looked up when she stood before him. "I want several letters this morning," she informed him, her lips parting over a row of perfect teeth.

"Seven letters, Miss Bonner," he said, giving them to her eager hands. "Thank you. When I read these I'm going to ask you about this," she said pointing to Mrs. Graham's invitation. She threw herself happily on to the great leather-cushioned circle in the center of the room and became engrossed in news from home.

Robert Dexter swung in from the street, his broad shoulders away under an American rain-coat and his American eyes seeing everything with his range. They lighted at sight of Margery Bonner.

And while her eyes were lowered over her letters, Margery Bonner's heart gave a little jump when somebody big and broad passed her on his way to window D. She had covertly admired his clear cut lines and the honest look in his eyes.

The girl approached window D again. "Tell me," she asked, "if you know anything about the person who put this notice here?"

The Englishman smiled his approval of her directness.

"A very charming little woman," he said quickly. "A Mrs. Graham. She and her husband are strangers in London and are simply longing for a friend on whom to lavish a generous impulse."

"Where do they live?" Miss Bonner had made up her mind. She was heart-sick and dreading the coming Thanksgiving away from all her people. She reflected that no harm could possibly come of so discreet an offer.

The address she got was near her own boarding house in Kensington.

Robert Dexter watched her leave the office and step into a cab and whirl away.

In his turn he addressed the clerk Dexter was embarrassed, he was undecided as to how to preface his query. The clerk saw his predicament. He smiled his knowledge of Dexter's de-

sire. In the American there suddenly was born a great liking for all Englishmen.

"She is a Miss Bonner," Gray said without waiting for the question. When Dexter left the American rendezvous, he had Mrs. Graham's address in his pocket and Gray took down a certain notice which ended his part in the planning of a Thanksgiving dinner.

On the last Thursday in November a taxicab whirled to the curb of a beautiful little home on St. Mary's road. Margery Bonner stepped out in the daintiest of gray chiffon toilettes. She carried a huge bunch of roses suspiciously like American beauties and a small square package.

"I received your note, Miss Bonner," said Mrs. Graham as she led the way upstairs and into her own boudoir. In her heart she thanked Mr. Gray for his excellent choice. "And we are going to be even more unconventional and use first names," she went on quickly in order to hide any sense of strain. "I don't want Mr. Dexter, a friend of my husband, to know."

"You are a dear—to think of that," burst out Margery, "and I am glad I brought you some roses." She thrust the huge bouquet into the arms of her hostess.

"How sweet, Margery," said Helen, shyly.

"Don't mention it—"

"Helen," put in Mrs. Graham.

"Helen," finished Margery and because they were both happy a duet of laughter reached the two men who were already smoking the pipe of friendship.

"You must say 'hello Jack' as soon as we get to the drawing-room," prompted Helen as the two descended the stairs.

"Hello, Jack," cried Margery when two equally good-looking men rose at their entrance.

Jack Graham did not lose a second. "Hello, Marj," he threw back at her, "you put on my favorite gown, didn't you? Come here and meet Robert Dexter. Miss Bonner—Mr. Dexter."

They shook hands and Margery's eyes hid themselves lest he read her surprise and—yes, delight—at meeting him.

"Tell me," cried Margery excitedly, "have we time to do something awfully American, before dinner?" Before anyone had answered, she was away and back again with the package she had brought with her. She extended it to Helen.

"Oh, you dear!" There were tears in Helen's voice as she hugged two boxes of shelled popcorn to her breast. "I haven't seen any of this for six months." She turned swiftly to the bell and the maid appeared presently with some long-handled corn poppers.

There was a choky sensation in the throats of all four when these little implements of American life appeared, and they had the effect of breaking the last barrier of convention existing among the new made friends.

"The sport is rustic," cried Helen, falling on her knees before the fire, "but I love it!"

"And these fires are ideal for popping," exclaimed her husband gazing at the bed of red coals. He went



"The Sport is Rustic."

down on his knees before her. "Come on, Marj, get your popper! Here, Dexter, fill this popper for Miss Bonner."

Bob Dexter looked at the trio of happy faces in the glow of the fire; the yellow corn was puffing into fluffy balls and the fragrance of fresh roasted corn permeated the room. The picture stamped itself indelibly on Dexter's mind, especially the profile of the girl beside him. Her delicate face was clear cut like a cameo among the shadows. She glanced around and met the unguarded look in his eyes and a flush not caused by the fire mounted her cheeks. By way of covering his embarrassment she handed him her popper.

"Here," she said, "you are doing nothing—pop awhile."

He took the long handle, touching her hand in the transfer.

So intent was the quartette and so far had the memories escaped into the home land that they did not hear the soft voice of the maid when she announced dinner.

To at least two in the party, there had never been a Thanksgiving dinner more complete. Cupid stole the wings of the turkey and flapped joyously about the interchanged two hearts in his glee.



POULTRY

KEEPING CHICKENS IN COLD
Inexperienced Poultry Raisers Make
Mistake in Furnishing Quarters
That Are Too Warm.

One of the mistakes made by nearly all the inexperienced poultry raisers is in keeping the chickens too warm in winter. They cannot bring themselves to believe that the hen is so warmly clad that it can live in the open like a quail, partridge, prairie chicken and other wild fowl.

No one would think of furnishing warm quarters for the sparrow or the wild pigeon. Feathers are non-conductors and as comfortable as furs. They are so thickly placed on the chicken that the cold cannot get through nor can the body heat get out. The only shelter that a chicken really needs is from wet and from drafts.

A chicken that is injured to cold weather is not so apt to get sick. Many coops are open in front, only curtains of burlap or some other cheap material being provided to protect the chicken from stormy weather.

GEESSE ARE MORE PROFITABLE

Give Them Good Pasture and About
One-Half the Care and Worry
That the Turkeys Receive.

If you have got tired of running all over the neighborhood hunting your turkeys try geese. Get a good pair of



Toulouse Goose.

pure-bred Toulouse, or if you prefer white ones the Embdens are all right, but not quite as large. Give them a good grassy pasture and about one half the care and worry you would give turkeys and you will have more money at the end of the year.

Cheap Insect Powder.

An excellent insect powder may be made by following the formula given below: Take three parts of gasoline and add one part of crude carbolic acid. Mix these together and add gradually, stirring constantly, enough plaster of paris to take up all the moisture. Stir so thoroughly that the liquid will be uniformly distributed through the plaster. This mixture, when dry, will be a pinkish brown powder, having a carbolic odor. For lice or mites on fowls, thoroughly dust and work the powder through the feathers. On about the third day give a second dusting. This will rid the birds of all insects.



DOULTRY NOTES

Don't sell cracked or very small eggs.

Grit and oyster shells should not be forgotten.

You can gain two or three cents a dozen by shipping your own eggs.

A filthy hen house is the best breeding place for lice and mites.

If you want eggs in winter we must breed from hens that lay in winter.

The idea that water is necessary to any one who cares to raise ducks is a mistake.

In fly season, keep netting over the egg basket, as fly-specked eggs are not inviting.

Stale bread thoroughly dried and rolled into fine crumbs is excellent chicken food.

It is time for questions about getting fowls to come down out of trees and roost in houses.

Careless and indifferent systems of feeding are often the cause of poor milk yields and small profits.

It is absurd to expect pullets to lay during the early winter when they were not hatched until June or July.

Eggs during the hot weather should be removed from the nests at once and placed in the coolest spot in the house.

There should be provided plenty of fresh clean water to drink, preferably water from which the chill has been taken off.

Cabbage heads or mangels make an acceptable green feed for them to pick up, also apple and potato parings are much relished.

In summer time all eggs marketed should be infertile. Such a condition can only exist after the males have been removed from the flocks.

Many beginners make the mistake of not specializing in some way—in eggs, for example, or in pure-bred stock. There is no reason why the two should not be combined.

Stops Neuralgia Pains

Sloan's Liniment has a soothing effect on the nerves. It stops neuralgia and sciatica pains instantly.

Here's Proof

Mrs. C. M. Dowker of Johannesburg, Mich., writes:—"Sloan's Liniment is the best medicine in the world. It has relieved me of Neuralgia. Two pains have all gone and I can truly say your Liniment did stop them."

Mr. Andrew F. Lear of 59 Gay Street, Cumberland, Md., writes:—"I have used Sloan's Liniment for Neuralgia and I certainly do praise it very much."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

is the best remedy for rheumatism, backache, sore throat and sprains.

At all dealers.

Price 25c., 50c. and \$1.00

Sloan's book on Horses, Cattle, Hogs and Poultry sent free.

Address Dr.

Earl S. Sloan

Boston, Mass.



COLLECT ON DELIVERY.



Jack Harduppe—Ah! Brought that suit, have you? Well, I can't pay you now. I'll write your employer a letter.

Errand Boy—N. G. boss. I bought three letters with that suit and they is C. O. D.

Explained.

An old lady, the customer of an Irish farmer, was rather dissatisfied with the watery appearance of her morning's cream and finally she complained very bitterly to him.

"Be easy, mummy," said Pat. "You see, the weather of late has been so terrific hot that it has scorched all the grass off the pasture land, and O! have been compelled to feed the pore bastes on water illies!"—Ideas.

Apicultural.

Mother—Yes, Johnny, the queen bee is boss.

Johnny—How about the presidential bee?

A BRAIN WORKER.

Must Have the Kind of Food That Nourishes Brain.

"I am a literary man whose nervous energy is a great part of my stock in trade, and ordinarily I have little patience with breakfast foods and the extravagant claims made of them. But I cannot withhold my acknowledgment of the debt that I owe to Grape-Nuts food."

"I discovered long ago that the very bulkiness of the ordinary diet was not calculated to give one a clear head, the power of sustained, accurate thinking. I always felt heavy and sluggish in mind as well as body after eating the ordinary meal, which diverted the blood from the brain to the digestive apparatus."

"I tried foods easy of digestion, but found them usually deficient in nutrient. I experimented with many breakfast foods and they, too, proved unsatisfactory, till I reached Grape-Nuts. And then the problem was solved."

"Grape-Nuts agreed with me perfectly from the beginning, satisfying my hunger and supplying the nutrient that so many other prepared foods lack."

"I had not been using it very long before I found that I was turning out an unusual quantity and quality of work. Continued use has demonstrated to my entire satisfaction that Grape-Nuts food contains the elements needed by the brain and nervous system of the hard working public writer." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.